OCTOBER,

From Macmalian's Magasina,
Liftful wind about the caves,
That sways the creaking door;
he shadows of the falling leaves
Filt past me on the floor.

The autumn skies are clear above In vain with gold the forest weaves

Its sylvan greenness o'er; The shadows of the falling leaves Fit past me on the floor. It means the world is grewing old, It means no birds to sing; Oh, not for all the autumn's gold Would I forego my spring!

## MRS. TOOVEY'S RED BOOK.

A LOVE STORY. BY LADY LINDSAY.

I.

GRANMESNIL COURT, Monday. It is a delightful thing to "keep a journal," although surely no easy task to write it suc It is a defigiting thing to keep a journal, although surely no easy task to write it successfully. The mere idea possesses a kind of the world havor; we imagine Cantissa, Sacchartessa, and all the other "issas" of bygone times, calmly settling themselves down in their stiff howered slik gowns to narrate pretty feelings and protter anyentures, fait to monte a careful chromipretter accentures, that to matte a cateful chroni-cle howards in these ranges-tushing, party-fanguing, costume-counging days, is a very dif-ferent matter—quite another hair of shoes, as my vulgar cousin George would say.

Of course it is charming to know of a thoroughly saic and confidential friend at hand, it is rate to have a friend at all (much more rate a trustworthy one, and a strongly bound red book, with a large and imposing brass lock, defies ail danger of discovery. By-the-bye, as I write this I notice that Anastasic, who is unpacking my tlothes with some officitusness, gives a quick glance the these with some efficientness, gives a quick glance now and then in the direction of myseli and my book. I ho, e that she is not already counting on the possibility of my forgetting my keys in the pocket of one or other of my gowns! How I wish that she would go round the other side of the room! I push my chair back and tilt it so that there is a solutely no space for her to pass between there is a solutely no space for her to pass between me and the wall; she gives a sort of saiff as she tarries my face petricoat estentatiously another way and lays it on the bed, having knocked over a light table in her rath. I must really say something to project there, or she will do my hair intamously to-night. hair intamously to-night.

hair intamously to-night.

"Vous voyez, Anastasie," I begin hesitatingly;

"vous - vez, j'ecus," I balance my pen on my
finger and thumb as I speak, awkwarniy letting
some ink run up into my nails. This is really
most tireseme, for unless I can procure a slice
of I-mon I don't know what I shall look like at
dinner. Inky fingers—good heavens:

Aparthic proposition procupied with a

Anastasie, meanwhile, has responded with a toss of her head. There is no doubt that French maids can "toss" their heads, as people say in

books.
"Madame fait de la litterature," observes my maid contemptuously.

"C'est beau, la litterature," she continues scathingly, "mais—ca rougit le nez!"
Does she really think so, I wonder? Certainly I would not be a first class novelist (still less a female historian) at the expense of even a pink nose, not to say a red one. I will take the eathest room, to peep into the looking-glass. There! She really is gone at last—what a mercy! I she really is gone at last—what a mercy! I gaze around. My gown re, cese on the bed. It gaze around. My gown re, cese on the bed. It is not a gown, but rather what is generally called a "creation." I do hope it may . . . yes, I reall—hoje the Marquis will like it.

Meanwhile, having assured myself that cali-

hair and a pale face, and one great interest in life, his gun. I will not say that he would sell his soul for the sake of a good day's shooting, because I doubt whether he has ever sufficiently contemplated the fact of having a soul to know if admired by the flackering lam light. As we toth he would readily part with or not; but I am quite sure that he would gladly give up all his worldiy possessions to obtain exceptionally fine sport. I may add that his high rank and his well known generosity in fees usually bring him the lick of the warmest corner; everybody's keepers become his devoted slaves; and thus, whilst other gentlemen grumble, the Marquis is ha, py. But to return to his visit. When he had nibbled the top of his came for a long while, he nibled the top of his cane for a long while, he suddenly blurted out: "By-the-bye, Mrs. Toovey, I'm off to the Dovedales next Monday."

"The Dovedales!" I cehoed, "how charming! Granmesnil is such a romantic place!"
"Well," sail the Marquis slowly, "there's some good high ground, and one really excellent

covert, though I don't quite agree with Dovedale mysel, as to the ments of spruce fir; to my mind he overdoes spruce fir."

Nervous of letraying my ignorance, I hastened to exet im: "They're such nice people! Such dear nice people, the Dovedales!" Admirable | cople, the Dovedales!" said my

"They always choose their friends carefully -not a bad shot amongst them. What a pity you're not coming. Mrs. Toovey!" But I can't shoot, Lord Ballymore,"

"No, I suppose not. I've seen women shoot, but to my thinking they're mostly in the way. But indoors, you know," he continued reassuringly, "there are always women of some sort about the place." This eliteness was even more than what Young England has accustomed its ladies to receive. I could not help laughing outright, and Lord Ballymore, who is certainly very good-natured, joined me after a minute or two; it took him quite that time to see the joke—he really might be Scotch instead of Irish!

"I do wish you were coming. Mrs. Toward the set." "No, I suppose not. I've seen women shoot,

"I do wish you were coming, Mrs. Tooyey though for all that, you know," he added, his apologies being well meant if not very dexterously turned; "couldn't you manage it somehow with the Dove-

'I'm afraid not," I answered; "I really am

afraid not. I never dil ask for any sort of invitation at any time of my life."

"Of course you didn't!" said the Marquis soothingly, and therewith he shook my hand with vigor and departed, reiterating that he wished he could see me next week.

he could see me next week.

I silently echoed the wish. We must not dissect too critically the manners of Marquises; moreover, fashions change as times change, and what would have been uncourtly in the days of our grandfathers may be considered a manly and engaging frankness in 1887. Lord Ballymore's language is not unlike his shake of the hand. He did not how over my fingers with a stately He did not how over my fingers with a stately grace-no, he crushed them so that they were violently indented by the corners of my emerald ring; then also his sjeech is neither gentle nor eligant, only forcitle. Yet, all things considered, it has become high time for me to take an interest in my friends; my mourning is now only what Anastasia calls a deni de convenance, and dear Mr. Toovey—how good and kind he was, to be sure—he has let me while I am still in the thirties, with a comfortable income and no restrictions. I have grave responsibilities.

But I am digressing. The Marquis had not quitted But I am digression. The Marquis had not quitted the house five minutes when I became overwhelmed by one of those feetings which I never struggle against, being perfectly sure that they are the whispers of Fate, and quite all for the best. Obeying the impulse, I ran upstairs to my room, put on my prettiest bonnet and cloak, and sallied forth to the Dovedales. There I was fortunate enough not only to find Lady Dovedale at home, but also most opportunity to miss three sainster. enough not only to find Lady Poveniae at none, but also most opportunely to miss three spinster sunts of hers who had just paid her a lengthy visitation. Lady Dovedale kissed me tenderly with sort of reaction—the aunts had kissed her.

Presently also her troubled mind unfolded itself refused him we parted, as we thought, never to me. "My dear Ruth," she said, "only We've got a shooting party next week, and I'm in the most dreadful despair you can imagine!"

"But why? Have any of the guns failed?" I spoke sportingly, recollecting the Marquis.

"No, my dear, but the wives of two guns."

"Oh, the wives!" I said lightly, my thoughts still recalling Lord Ballymore's conversation.

"That doesn't seem much of a disaster."

"It is a disaster," said Lady Dovedale sighing, "It is a disaster," said Lady Dovedale sighing, "because I have to combat several adverse influences. It's all very well for Dovedale to consider, as he does, only the men and the game and all that, but I shall be shut up for three mortal days with one woman who is aggressively high church and another who is annovingly low church, and a third who writes on all kinds of horrid broad topics for the reviews. Don't you see that I want two comfortable pillow-like women like those I have lost, to hefp to keep the peace, if nothing else? Why, one of them would have sung-positively, a beautiful thrilling contralto, accompanying herself, so that there would have been no trouble with her; and the other travels with a lot of silver knick-knacks and birthday autograph books that keep people quiet till luncheon,

"How good you are, Ruth! You see not-I mean, you are neither one thing nor the other; you never quarrel with the women, and never annoy the men; no, that indeed you don't! added Lady Dovedale with a little laugh. "Why you will be a real comfort to us all."

I felt that I should truly be as welcome as a bottle of soothing syrup, but I was not unwilling to play any part. I like Lady Dovedale—also, London is very duil just now, and that new lavender gray gown will get quite spailt if it is not worn soon; and—well, why should I not own it, thus brass lock being so solid and secure? There was the Marquis to think about. Consequently I felt it easy to cheer Lady Dovedale. Lqually was it to my taste to set off for Waterloo station this alternoon, after swallowing an early juncheon.

I arrived at the station barely in time to I felt that I should truly be as welcome as a

catch the train, however, so that I was mable to choose my place, and was hustled by a well-meaning but disagreeable official into a carriage containing only two elderly gentlemen, strangers to me. It was rather cold, so I pulled the high fur collar of my cloak well up over my cars, so that I was just beginning to realize a sense of comfort, and (if I may say so) downy sneoziness, when we arrived at a junction, the name of which was vociferously shouted. The door was roughly thrown open, and I found myself obliged to adjult and face the cold air on the platform. There a few jassengers, amongst whom I could not distinguish Lord Ballymere, were already disconsolately grouped, surrounded by mands, valets, gun cases, fur rugs, and bags of leviathan proportions, all apparently waiting to be forwarded to the Dovedales'.

"I to my privilege to take you in to difficult he said with an out smalle. Then he observe he is said with an out smalle. Then he outered he is said with an out smalle. Then he outered he is said with an out smalle. Then he outered he is said with an out smalle. Then he outered he is said with an out smalle he is said with an out small with an out smalle he is said with an out small with an ou

I reall—hope the Marquis will like it.

Meanwhile, having assured myself that caligraphy has not yet injured my masal organ (which is one of my particular pet features), I return to my journal. Surely it is high time to describe myself. But here I have to contend with one of the hardest problems of a journal; it is so impossible to describe one's self! Even to this dear confidant I scarcely like to acknowledge that I have nice eyes, much better hair than most of my friends and contemporaries, and a figure that is ... well, not altogether had. The very faintest is ... well, not altogether had. The very faintest ready printed at the bottom of each page. As to my personal defects, it were too hard that I shoull be required to point them out. I know them well—so well indeed that I do not care to speak of them. I am much better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am much better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am much better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am much better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am much better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am much better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am much better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am nuch better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am nuch better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am nuch better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am nuch better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am nuch better aware of them than any one else can pessibly be; do I not speak of them. I am nuch better aware of them than any one object during this short waits was to close the travellet. She was certain, I knew, to look after hersel A polite station master soon come to the rescue for that very reason I was invited.

Only a week ago the Mirquis called upon me in London. He does not often call; I don't think he really quite knows what to say when he finds himself in the depths of an armchair, with a weeman and a tea-table within a yard of him. He is a short, thick-set young man, with dark hair and a pale face, and one great interest in apparently fiathered herself against a dark winding and a pale face, and one great interest in apparently fiathered herself against a dark winding and a pale face, and one great interest in apparently fiathered herself against a dark winding and a pale face, and one great interest in apparently fiathered herself against a dark winding and a pale face, and one great interest in a pale face, and o came forward from opposite directions, the gethemen, of whem there were five or six, scene somewhat surprised at our apparitions; but w

> Without waiting for anything except a stray gun cases and hat boxes tossed upon our root, our omnibus rattied off merrily. I found myself seated beside the fragile-looking lady, and wondering all the while where the strong minded reviewer could possibly have stowed herself away. We all talked and laughed and got on very well like a house on fire, as Cousin George would say By the time we reached Granmeshil Court we had all become the best of friends. The fragile booking lady I found to be by no means so stuped as she looked. The high church husband, being a jer sistent smoker, had taken his place on the box. and the dapper little Methodist, who was evidently what the Scotch call "bolden down," appeared greatly to enjoy his temporary liberty. There were allo two very pleasant and talkative

Arrived at last, we were all turned out, dazed and blinking, into the well lit hall, where we discarded our outer wraps and shook out our plumes and feathers. In an inner hall, or rathe corridor, we found Lady Dovedale, her hips utter ing gracious welcome, her hands dispensing cups of tea. By her side was her niece, a pretty young girl, and lo and behold! from the depths of an immense rocking-chair emerged the Marquis who had arrived by a morning train.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Toovey," quoth he coolly; unexpected pleasure, eh?

"Quite unex, ected," I replied, drawing myseli up with some haughtiness; "C'est toujours Fin prevu qui arrive, Lord Ballymore." At this moment Lady Dovedale began talking

"We have had several terrible ups and down since I saw you, dearest Ruth; amongst others, the loss of one of our best guns. His mother died; wasn't it annoying?"

"Oh, so annoying!" I answered vaguely, for

just then the door o, ened and some one entered the room. I felt conscious of his presence, though but imperfectly realizing it "Of course we've had to fill up the vacancy," continued Lady Dovedale's voice at my ear; "such a piece of luck, too, as we stumbled upon. Do you know Mr. Grenfell, by chance, Ruth?

lie's one of Dovedale's oldest friends, but he has been abroad so much these last few years that we have scarcely seen anything of him." I heard the murmur of her voice, I almost

pinched my own wrist to know if I were awake or dreaming. Then a tail spare figure walked quietly up to the table close to where I sat. "Oh, yes, I know Mr. Grenfell," I answered

and thereupon I drank a long draught The next moment I looked up; our eyes slowly. met. He gave a start-so slight a start that no one probably noticed it. Then he bowed and one probably noticed it. Then he lowed and smiled, a curious smile. If I were to speculate on that smile it would take me six weeks to come to any conclusion concerning it, and even then it would probably be the wrong conclusion. Here is Anastasic, who says that I must dress increased. immediately.

To you, dearest journal, who are to be the confidant of my most intimate thoughts and actions, I will explain this much: yesterday fortnight I refused Mr. Grenfell when he proposed fortnight I refused Mr. Grenfell when he proposed to me in my own drawing-room, and after I had

Tuesday. I wrote so long yesterday that I had scarcely time to dress for dinner, yet I shut the pages of my diary with reluctance. I would willingly have explained how that Mr. Grenfell is a rich man, a lonely bachelor whom many ladies (though I am not one of the number) would gladly take for better or worse. I have known him for years and years, and always more or less dreaded and avoided him, excert on those occasions when he has avoided us all by starting off to the Rocky Mountains to pursue horned cattle or whatever beasts reside thereon. Curiously enough, my sentiments have not been reciprocated.

I have always been aware of Mr. Grenfell's persistent admiration, and was not much surprised when, soon after his last return to England, he drove up to my house one afternoon in a hansom, and then and there proposed to me. What he pleaded and how I rejected him, all this and much more would I gladly divalge to you, my dear journal, but that I run the risk of not sufficiently condensing my narrative. I had he idea that ligranure could be so difficult an art! I wrote so long yesterday that I had scarcel

accompanying herself, so that there would have been no trouble with her; and the other travels with a lot of silver knick-knacks and birthday autograph books that keep people quiet till funcheon, and she paints little oval portraits in water color, so that there's no smeil of cil, and gives everybody large eyes and long eyelashes!"

"How very, very sad!" was all that I could find to say.

"And now one has caught an influenza," continued Lady Dovedale discontentedly, "and the other has to go into mourning, which doesn't affect the man, of course."

"I wish I could help you, dear Lady Dovedale:" said I.

"How I wish you could, but—dear me! Couldn't you? It would be a real fa for if you would come, and forgive short notice and all my explanations. It does seem like asking you as a stopgap though, that s the worst of it."

"I love being asked as a stop-gap," I said with truthful enthusiasm; "dear Lady Dovedale;" and the grown is the delighted to come."

"How good you are flettly condensing my narrative. I had no idea that I run the risk of not sufficiently condensing my narrative. I had no idea that I run the risk of not sufficiently condensing my narrative. I had no idea that I run the risk of not sufficiently condensing my narrative. I had no idea that I run the risk of not sufficiently condensing my narrative. I had no idea that I file and to explain marter could be so difficult an art!

When Mr. Grenfelt recognized me yesterday, he had the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet me with only a slight that the good taste to greet m

Amstasic grum-led the whole time that I dressed; she said that I did justice neither to her nor to my gown, in haste I find by rai rusting nowhstars, planing on as I went a few of poor dear Mr. Toovey's diamond ornaments. When I entered the I brary everyone was assembled. I mum-led some excuse; I scarcely know what it mumicled some excuse; I scarcely know what it was, but my h siess as usual was kind and lement. Two or three minutes still clapsed before

"He is often silent, but I have never heard

him press hi o inions, whatever they may be,"
i answered quickly.
"Oh, don't he, though!" said the Marquis "Oh, don't he, though!" said the Marquis crossly, turning on his heel, and there, as b some sudden leat of legerdemain, in his place stood Mr. Grenfell.

r. Grenfell.
"It is my privilege to take you in to dinner, he sand with an ord smale. Then he offered me his arm. "Dinner is announced; you had better

said I, with unhaughte virulence.

"I think so, because you see almost everyone has gone in alleady. What a cub that review hall, more is: This he moded as we marched along in the procession.

Do you think so?" I asked sting; "I like him very much, he can be quite charming."

him very much, be can be quite charming.

"Can hance at hapatron in Gothard, sightly raising his eyeorows, a should not have thought so, but ucould so you know aim other than 1 do.

We sented ours lives at tach, and I shook out my hapain aborily, it crisinally was hard that the one person I wished to avoid should te my partner. On my other side was the married smoker, the perinne of whose aress coat bore withest to his, so invites, live to it was descrated with a mass of tawny colored chrysanthemanns, surrounding an expanse of put othe fath, whereon rejected quant mediavan leasts and brids of silver. There was no ejectine, nothing to obstruct of silver, there was no ejergue, nothing to obstruct the sight; a large shared lamp hang over our heads, and many sconces on the walls gave addi-"What a charming arrangement!"

what a charming arrangements.

feeling that I must say something.

Perfectly del\_hitail returned my companion.

"Would you believe it, Mrs. Toovey, I have been wishing ever since you arrived that it might be

"And I was s, calcing of ourselves; surely we are more interesting than the table, though some of us seem to be made of wood or stone, or even the nether millstone." "What is a nether mill-tone?" I asked inno-

"it shall be my pride to instruct you "Oh, for heaven's sake, Mr. Grenfell, don'

Herough Anything rather than that!"
Herough I gazed anxiously at the smoker, hoping to attract his attention, and induce him to enter into conversation.

"He likes soup-do not disturb him," said Mr. Grenfell coulty; "pray I t us return to the consideration of cutselves. Surely we cannot do better. May I tell you of what I am thinking?"

"A weman's no sometimes means yes; do allow me to tell you, Mrs. Toovey." Of course I can't help it if you choose to

well, I was thinking that, had you accepted me, the Dovedales might have lent us this place

or our honeymeon.

I could that resitively no answer to such a

speech. I felt my checks and even my forchead grow hot had red with anger.

"Of course, continued Mr. Grennell, quietly, "I am only contemplating what philosophers call a joientality; it might have happened, you know, only it didn't.

"I am very glad that it did not happen." "And I am sorty; therein hes the differ-ence well, you know that, however orten you cince. Well, you know that, nowever over your returns me I small always ask you again; that is one or the can't het, its or my peculiar character."

"They are tringing round the lish; let me recommend that special sauce. Mr. Grenfell. It is a sauce Lord Lovecade profes himself on—

its chef is noted for it." his chef is noted for it."

1 felt great, numoyed, yet I could not forbear laughing; doubtles all that my neighbor had said was meant in joke, yet his remarks were in had tasic and revolted me—they made me positively hate him. Once more I turned to the smoker,

but he had a parently so large a portion of fish to consume that he was altogether engaged in the task of swallowing it. the task of swallowing it.
"You had better talk to me, after all," said
Mr. Grenfell, exasperatingly; "that man eats
higgently when he is not smeking."

"1ell me, who are our fellow guests?" I asked quickly; "I know searcely any of them."
"You know the Marquis?" Oh yes, I know the Marquis," I replied

Lord Eallymore was sitting almost opposite t Lord Earlymore was sitting almost opposite to as, yet not so nearly opposite that he could over-hear our remarks or enter into our conversation. He could only glower and stare, as indeed he did. It had, of course, been his fate to take Lady Dovedale into dinner, but on his other side sat the fragile looking lady. "Who is she?" I asked.

"Don't you know? Why, she writes under the name of 'the Scorpion.' She is the cream of the cream of all strong minded correctionists; she is a cynic, a positivist—she speaks of things that we men scarce dare whasper of Alas! Lord Bally

nore noes not seem to cotton to her, as he would loubtless say himself."

"He does not talk slang," said I, quickly. "I dare say not, I crave his pardon-and yours! have no doubt that his vocabulary is purely

hakespearian."
"How silly you are!" "I am sorty again; it seems my destiny to be orry. But everyone to-night is so glum! Every-ody always is glum on the first evening of a arty; I think it is only at breakiast on breaking. apday that they all really recover and look joyful.

"You are severe."
"On no. Or course I cannot rival Lord Bally more in his liow of sparkling conversation, ippling forth from the very peak of Mount Pernassus if he and his sapient Now, companion were to signal a honeymoon here, how eminently bilarious it would be!"

hilarious it would be!"

"Your thoughts run on honeymoons; they are not generally surposed to be festive seasons."

"It is your turn to be severe, Mrs. Toovey, But do you know the lady sitting on the right hand of Lord Dovedale? She has serious thoughts—she is very high church."

"So I have been told."

"she has driven her husband, recommends." the has driven her husband, your neighbor,

to smoke-endles smoke-but perhaps that is preferable to drink." preferable to drink."
"Or crime," said I, laughing, I began to feel more at my ease with Mr. Grenfell; it is wonder-

ful what the exigencies of polite society may force us to do, not only easily, but with absolute complacence. Here was I conversing on honeymoons with a man whorn I had rejected more or less for many years of my life, and most especially and decisively a fortnight ago.

When the ladies left the dining-room "the Marquis" (as indeed he was usually called by every one, including myself) was standing beside the door, and when I passed close to him he murmured softly, but none the less forcibly:

"I do hate intellectual women!"

"Do you?" I asked, looking up at him.

"Do you?" I asked, looking up at him.
"You'll talk to me a bit by and-bye, won't you?" he managed to say before I and the other ladies swept on, urged forward by Lady Dovedale.

"What are you laughing at, Ruth?" asked my hostess, as we went down the corridor, "Lord Ballymore is so funny," I said by way of ex-Yes, he's immensely elever, especially for

"Yes, he's immensely clever, especially for a Marquis," said Lady Dovedale thoughtfully. "And what do you think of Mr. Grentell, dear? Most people are horribly frightened of hum."

She slippid her arm through mine as she spoke. Of course you can always hold your own," she went on, "that's partly why I gave you to him to night. Keally some women are quite silly about hom: my tiece Dora says she would just as soon sit by an ogre. And yet he isn't at all goodlooking!"

it was a long time before the gentlemen joined

looking. 18

18 was a long time before the gentlemen joined us. Such is always the case, I think, in shooting parties; men have a great deal to say to each other about keepers and guns and other topics of sport. At least I will give them the benefit of this kindly supposition, though the loud roars of laughter which reached our sombre feminine circle, and which rose and fell and rose again from the far dining-room, might have given cause for much seculation.

"Tell Lord Dovedale that tea is ready," murmured the hostess at list to the butler, when that functionary had claborately prepared a tental le in front of her. Miss Dora was playing the jianofeste, which she did with neither correctness nor passion, but her music helped to make the clier ladies talk. I was rather frightened of my gentle-boking acquaintance, now that I had learned her alarming gift of authorship, and she, to do her, justice, showed no violent desire to propitiate any of her own sex, but leaned silently hack in a low chair waving an enormous black fan to and fro.

At a round table in full lamplight sat Fraulein Worms, the governess, who, after she had accounted Lady Doyedale with the interesting facts

At a round table in full lamplight sat Fraulein Worms, the governess, who, after she had acquainted Lady Dovedale with the interesting facts that Tommy had swallowed his pill as well as the strawberry jam, and that Florrie had not made more than nine mistakes in her French evereive, subsided into silence over the elaborate with which she was irretrievally dis-

"Dad you?" I had no s, irit to say more. Then we hapsed into science. I think the Marquis was offeneed with me, for soon he got up from the seat into which he had dropped by my side, and joined Lord Lovedale and two or three other men on the hearthrug. Mr. Greniell was positively carrying on an animated conversation with Fraulein Worms. What an extraordinary being he is! Even Lady Dovedale looked at him with some surprise. The poor old Fraulein had pushed her imp hair back, making her high forehead a; pear even larger than usual, and her face was eager, whish he was the only person in the room who seemed to take any trouble to be agreeable.

At last, merciually, there was a move. The men were taken up to the biliard-room, where the smeker, who had stood on one leg for the last ten minutes, doubtless received the reward due to his patience. We ladies, after being offered wine water and thin biscouts, were each of us provided

water and thin biscuits, were each of us provided with a camile and informed that the journey had no doubt tired us. After this parting cere-

sure that she is a very spiterul woman. I hate women with such pade coloring:

III.

Yesterday morning I came down very late for breakfast. Anastasse did not bring me my cup of tea till nearly 9 o clock, and even then I was rather sleep; furthermore, my new gown fitted so hadly that I was obliged at the last moment to change it for another. When I reached the dining room everybody had nearly done breakfast. Lady Dovedale, however, smiled reassuringly, though as it seemed to me somewhat sadly; indeed, as I shipped into the empty chair which the Marquis proffered me next his own, it struck me that the whole party wore an appearance of gloom. Lord Develale looked absolutely amoyed. Certsinly, the weather was not ins iriting. A fine dloom, lord Develale looked absolutely amoyed. Certsinly, the weather was not ins iriting. A fine dloom, lord Develale looked absolutely amoyed. Certsinly, the weather was not ins iriting. A fine dloom, lord Develale looked absolutely amoyed. Certsinly, the weather was not ins iriting. A fine dloom, lord Develale looked absolutely amoyed. Certsinly, the weather was not ins iriting. A fine dloom lord Develale looked absolutely amoyed. Certsinly, the weather was not ins iriting. A fine dloom lord Develale looked absolutely amoyed. The modesty of a returning nature. "Sneaky, to the modesty of a returning nature. "Sneaky."

No shooting certainly, but I have been very waiting for me to speak. "You must have had a dull visit here, Mr, Greniel', I said the green-room, he alluded to the subject.

The entertainment went off fairly well. I must need coloring:

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The entertainment went off fairly well. I must need coloring:

The entertainment we

"Oh, nothing much," he answered gruffly; only, naturally, Dovedale's put out Grantelly only, naturally, Dovedale's put out, Grenfell's are and sprained his ankle-he's always doing you know, just to make himsel

Surely that's hard!" I exclaimed, glancing involuntarily round to where the culprit, the only in ordinary morning dress among his fellow sportsmen, sat mostily staring at his plate, "I dare say he only junks the rain, after all,

"I dare say he only furthes the rath, after all, said Lord Ballymore, unkindly.

Oh, house use, why, he won his spurs in the nocky Absantanes, and all kinds or outlantish processing a hot I kely to founk much of the rain."

But I was unable to spend much time in detening the shape to speak into tool in the entire to the shape to keep my breath, not exactly to cool my portage, but to swahow my boiling tea as quickly as I could, for already most of the guests were leaving the table. When finally I passed out of the room with tady Dovedale, she mirroured pitcously:

"Only thank, Rath, our crack shot! Isn't it too sad? It will make such an awful did refice in the tag; Dovembe will be sully about it for the next six months!

Half an hour later all the men, with one metanchely exception, had trudged off through the rain, and we lady guests sat aimlessly in the drawing-room, none of us sufficiently ence to begin either needle-work or letter-writing nobody cared to talk. I was drumming idly on the window-panes watching the drops chasing each other down in baste, and wishing that I could say, as in my childhood-

hostess:

"I put myself altogether under your protection,
Lady Dovedale; it requires no small courage for a
lonely male to face six ladies in what might be
called uncanonical hours."

"Come in," said Lady Dovedale laughing;

"your penance is to amuse us after having so
grievously failed in your duty to your own kind."

Thereupon Mr Grenfell made the best of it,
although he did not look as if he altogether liked
sitting on the sofa to be fussed over by such a sitting on the sofa to be fussed over by such a leminine community as that which speedily en-circled him. It must be owned that his soldierly

circled him. It must be owned that his soldierly and rather angular figure seemed out of place among the cushions, whilst we women all stood or sat about chattering to him.

"Can't I make myself useful?" he asked pitcously. "Don't ladies always have wood to wind, or something of that sort to be done?" But we all shock our heads laughing. Unlike the black sheep of nursery lore, we had none of us any wood.

"My mental capacities have not in any wood."

"My mental capacities have not in any way suffered," continued Mr. Grenfell, turning toward the reviewer. For, whilst he scarcely addressed suffered," continued Mr. Grenfell, turning toward the reviewer. For, whilst he scarcely addressed any special remark to me, he gave his attention almost too much to that rentle being who (I must teally say) did her very best to attract him, putting on languid airs and graces which, in my humble opinion, are most especially unbecoming to a strong minded woman.

"I have an idea," said Lady Dovedale suddenly, "a mest brilliant liera; several of the neighbors are coming to dine to night!"
"Oh!" shouted the dismayed chorus.

"Oh!" shouted the dismayed chorus.

"Why should we not get up some tableau ! "Why should we not get up some tableau?" asked Lady Dovedale unperturbed; "why, in fact, should not you," she added, sweetly turning to our victim, "arrange it all for us, tell us what to wear, and how to wear it, how we ought to look, and all that?" lock, and all that?"
"Why not, indeed?" said Mr. Grenfeil, with a
peenliar expression on his face, which I, having
known him for long years, could easily interpret;
whereupon I burst out laughing, but the others

all exclaimed with simultaneous joy.
"What a delightful, delicious idea!" So it came to be settled that we should have tableaus. the thought and preparation of which, as any manager of such amusements well knows, must

inevitably prove food enough for vacant minds and vacant hours during the longest day. Somebody rang the bell and two footmen presently brough: in an enormous trunk filled with stage properties. When these, however, were turned out on the floor and eagerly examined, it was found that no costume was altogether complete, so that our difficulties would be greatly in our difficulties would be greatly in-creased by the fact that some of the performers must needs shelter those portions of themselves clad in everyday dress behind their neighbors who might be better provided. Nevertheless, the who might be better provided. Nevertheless, the greater the difficulty the greater the art, as we all cars Clement perhaps a little too strongly) impressed on Mr. Grenfell. Lady Dovedale, with the peculiar cunning of a hostess, had pleaded household duties and absented herself from a conclave. When the luncheon beil rang and she returned to the drawing room, we had only come clave. When the luncheon bell rang and she returned to the drawing-room, we had only come to uncertain conclusions, and we all greeted her with individual o inions—of course to each of us our own costume was the most interesting. It had been settled for me to enact the part of leatrice, with the Marquis for Dante. Certainly Lord Ballymore's short nose was a drawback, Dante's features being so familiar to everybody. However, there was not such a thing as a real Roman nose in the whole of our company. I had rebelled a little when Mr. Grenfell, speaking to me for almost the first time, surgested the tableau.

"I don't see why the Marquis should be Dante." said I sulkily.

"He will look so inspired," answered Mr. Grenfell. "You are sure to inspire him. Besides, the

fell. fell. "You are sure to inspire him. Besides, the part seems to suit him admirably. Don't you remember what we were saying last night, Mrs. Tooyey, with regard to your friend's language?"

"He does not pretend to be a root." I retorted angrily; "but, as you say, he will do doubt look the part very well. Let it be sa, then."
"It were a rity to waste this charming scarlet hood," said Mr. Grenfell, examining the article in question; "and if Lord Ballymore dons it over

in question; "and if Lord Ballymore dons it over the dressing-gown he sports in the smoking-room, his costume will be complete. Yours should be all while, you know." "I wonder why," said Mrs. Clement, lackadaisically, "I really quite wonder why, dear Mrs. Toovey, you have not thought of acting Ruth and Boaz. Such a charming picture! Your name suggests it, and Mr. Grenfell might do Boaz; mightn't you. Mr. Grenfell might do Boaz; "i might," he answered curtly.

"I me corn would be difficult." said Lady Dovenale, coming to my rescue.

Disloces are mostly reciprocal. As we trooped

Distance, coming to my rescue.

Distance are mostly reciprocal. As we trooped in to hancheon, Mrs. Clement fixed her siming time eyes on my face with a most disagreeable expression. Dear me, how I do detest her?

Norms, the monitored Lady Dovedstrom, annitored Lady Dovedstrom, and that Floric has that Tommy had swallowed his income that Tommy had swallowed his income that the transplance of the description of the

a thoroughly annoved tone, "what can you be thinking of? Dante, of all people! Why he was a sturid muff who couldn't do anything."

"Except write."

Our yes; write, of course—though I can't say I ever read his book." by winch it will be seen that Lord Bailymore holds feets somewhat cheapiy.

"I do hate making a fool of myself," he continued groliny. Nevertheless, I minimately managen to smooth him down, and to make him acknowledge that for my sake, yes, certainle, to pieuse me, and me only, he would do a great deal—even personnly Pante. That hasty Mrs. Clement was watening us and the time we taked! I am sure that she is a very spiteful woman. I hate women with such pade coloring!

Dinner was hirried over as quickly as possible,

Dinner was hirried over as quickly as possible.

"By all means," he returned coolly, as he

bye to soak thoroughly through the various broad shoulders new comfortably clad in warm welly hemsespun or celetten conducty; still, for such chances of war all good sportsmen should be prepared. As the Marquis tenderly heaped up my two plates with grilled chicken, dry toast, hot han and strawberry am, I whispered to him—

"What's up?"

The entertainment went of fairly well. I must heeds confess that Dante and Beatrice through my business."

"You must be a very contented sort of person the great successes of the evening the declared in the must heed and beatries that Dante and Beatrice through my business."

"You must be a very contented sort of person the great successes of the successes of the evening the declared in the must heed and beatries that Dante and Beatrice through my business."

"You must be a very contented sort of person the great successes of the successes of th raust, and poor dear Fraulein Worms as phistopheles.

I don't fancy that Mrs. Clement altogether cared to act with Mr. Conyers; but that is netter here nor there—the effect was very charming. As for the other tableaus, they are charming. As for the other tableaus, they are scarce worth recording, though they heiped to all up the time, and everybody seemed pleased, hardly spoke a word to Mr. Grenfell the whole evening. I suppose he was very busy, in spire of his sprained ankle, but except that he certainly of his sprained ankle, but except that he certainly took especial care to pose the Marquis and myself, he never came near me. With Lord Ballymore it was different. The privilege of chacting Dante must somehow have got into his head, and caused a ray of poetry to enter that usually dense object. He never left my side the whole evening, and fixed such ardent looks on me that I nearly pointed out to him that I was no longer Beatrice, but only poor, plain, little Mrs. Toovey after all. However, I refrained, and when he handed me my candle before I went upstairs to heal, he squeezed my hand very hard, whispering, "Good-night, Beatrice!" and it was only then, really, that I saw that Mr. Genfell stood close beside me also; but it was too late to begin to talk, and he turned on and went onlekly—teo quickly. I am sure, for his aulde's sake—his heel off without a decent good-night or any word at all: off without a decent good-night or any word at all!

Thursday morning. I really have nothing to relate about yesterday, it was one of the most hateful, tiresome and detestable days that I ever spent in the course And never, never come back again."

In spite of larmers and agriculturists and the rest of those tiresome people who always want wet weather at inconvenient times. At last the door opened and Lady Dovedale entered, bringing mercifully to us a man—the man, He limped, certainly, but that was of no consequence to us. He was smiling, and saying pleadingly to our hostess:

worked dingently; but I, like a modern Penciope, felt so cross that I filled in my pattern all wrong, and shall have the pleasure of un icking it and shall have the pleasure of an learning it to-day. The weather was as vile as everything else. Pouring inin alternated with gusts of wind. Mr. Grenfell wrote in the billiard room, and nobody quite liked to disturb him there. Lady Dovedale unaccountably took his part, insisting that as we had tensed him to such an extent yesterday we must allow him a little peace to day. "Peace, for sooth!" as the old writers say. I don't believe in Mr. Grenfell's business correspondence; at any rate, he should have done his writing at home, and not brought it out visiting! But Lady Doveand not brought it out visiting but Lady Love-uale said he came at a moment's notice, to oblige, etc., etc. Well, the erring one appeared at lun-cheon, and sat between the hostess and Dora. Afterward some adventurous spirits went out, clad in alsters and bideous hats, to do battle with the elements. There had been a talk of joining the men at luncheon, but torrents of rain put an end to the plan.

The atternoon was as dreary as the morning; I need say no more. Once or twice Mr. Grenfell strolled in and talked-absolutely talked-to the emale reviewer, who of course put her best metahorical foot foremost for his benefit. I preferred stience, for indeed it is impossible to shine among a whole troop of women, especially with Free-thinkers and all kinds of queer people about. Late in the afternoon I had my revenge; I swept by Mr. Grenfeil, and, under his very nose, kept up a brisk conversation for more than an hour with the Marquis, who was perfectly charmed. I must confess, however, that I had never before attempted to talk to Lord Ballymore for so engthy a period, and it is difficult to pretend to ake interest in the natural history of cartridges and other accessories of the chase when one does not really care a rap. I tried to converse on wider not really caute a rap. I tred to converse on wider topics, but somehow we floundered, and I was afraid of leading my companion on to say something desperately foolish in Mr. Grenfell's hearing, who, I am sure, was within hearing, as he sat near us, silently and persistently (I might say rudely) turning over the pages of a book. He never joined in our conversation, nor did we offer to bring him into it Lord Ballymore looked patiently triumphant at last, though I had become strangely

spirits, and really made himself quite agreeable. I had drunk a couple of glasses of champages and dinner, and felt more cheerful than before, and more ready to laugh at his sallies, which were amusing though perhaps not very witty. Once I caught sight of Mr. Grenfell's serious free turned in our direction, but he looked away immediately again. Once also Lady Dovedale crossed the room and stood by me for two or three minutes, ratting my shoulder, saying—

"How bright you are to-night, Ruth!"

"She's in capital form, isn't she?" exclaimed the Marquis enthusiastically. I went upstairs meditating that it might be a great thing after all to marry a marquis; especially if the owner of the title were young, tol-rably good looking, and decidedly a fervent admirer. How infinitely preferable to spend one's days with a person who would thoroughly appreciate one's talents and qualities rather than.

I called to mind what Mr. Grenfell had said about the possibilities of a honeymoon at Granmesnil. Somehow the idea struck me with a sort of chill. I could not contemplate the prospect of such unmitigated dulness as a week along with Lord Ballymore, and yet he is a marquis, and yet he likes me, and yet—oh dear, oh dear!

I underesced very quickly, scelded Anastasie several times, and when I had at last driven her from the room I covered my head with the belevithes and sobbed. Why was I crying? I could not have told. Even now I only know that I was wretched and faceed, and that it is very sad to be in a lonely position responsible for one's selt and one's future, and aware that before long it will be necessary to settle difficult questions of momentous importance!

momentous importance!

V.

Thursday, 6 p. m.

I take up my pen, yet I can scarcely write calmly of this afternoon's events. I did not make my aprearance to-day till nearly luncheon time. I pleaded headache; the fact was that I really had a headache, and what is worse, red and swollen evelids. When I arrived downstairs I found that most of the ladies had gone out to ioin the sportsmen, and to freshen themselves un for this evening, when we are to expect what Lady Dowedale calls "a little bon for Dorn's benefit." Needless to say, the men have been out shooting for the third and hierest day for in this severe establishment the ordinary relache of one idle morning is not nermitted. Mr. Grenfell made an effort to go out with the other men, but Lady Dowedale positively insisted that he should remain at home, exceptible as he could not get an ordinary hard boot unon his swellen foot.

Our hostess and I and the reviewer formed a partie carree with Mr. Grenfell at luncheon, the children having for some reason or other fed earlier. It was one of those depressing meals which take place at a large table originally prepared for a greater number of guests. However, three of us chatted diligently, and if I kept silence I trust that it was not noticed (at least I so trusted at the time) though, as we went back into the drawing-room, Lady Dovedale whispered to me—

"As soon as Ballymore comes home he will get

to my enjoyment in that direction."
"People are so seldom given what they want,"
I said dreamily.

"Very seldom: have you been talking meta-physics with pretty Mrs. Clement?"
"Certainly not. I don't like her."
"You need not dishke her; she is pretty, and can be very pleasant; but I know of old," added Mr. Grentell with a smile. "that you are endowed with strang likes and dislikes."
"Is anylogly worth knowing, who is not?"

with strang likes and dislikes."

"Is anybody worth knowing who is not?"

"Well, we have Dr. Johnson's authority for appreciating good haters, but I am not sure about it myself: some people dislike so many of their fellow-creatures that I can scarcely understand how they endure to walk abroad and meet them. They should go to the prairies, and comfort themselves with seclusion and the beaution of nature."

"Do you advocate such a course?" I asked. "I advocate it strongly," re lied my companion smiling, "that I am absolutely going to follow my own advice; a thing few advices are ever found to do I am off to the Rockies again,

You are?" I asked, with a curious sensation of annoyance; how on earth was I to bring him to his proposal? "I am, anyhow, going abroad immediately,"

he went on; "I leave here to-morrow with the rest, and Saturday I am going for a little tour in Europe, just to get my hand in, you know."

"But will find nothing to shoot." "Slaying is a secondary consideration with me," answered, laughing; "I leave that to the

Marquis. By this time the servants had brought in tha tea-table, as well as some lamps, but no one came near us, and our window remained dark and undisturbed, so that we continued to talk in

"I suppose," said Mr. Grenfell presently, "I uppose that when I return to England you will ong since have settled down in a happy home with Lord Ballymore.

undertones.

You have no reason to say so," I exclaimed angrily No? Why, all the people here are speculating about it."

"They are very kind, though premature." "Pardon me, Mrs. Toovey, if I have taken the privilege of an old friend to speak so ojenly. But I really am not sure, thinking over the matter quietly and dispassionately, that you could do better on the whole than accept Bailymore. He is not half a bad fellow, he admires you very sincerely; and I think, yes, I really think that you "Mr Grenfell!!

I had risen to my feet, trembling with rage and I had risen to my rect, trembing with tage as indignation. This was a greater insult even than being proposed to again and again. This, then, was the estimate in which I was held! I want to marry Lord Ballymore! I get on beautifully with him! Dragged down to a low level, in fact! And not only was I to accept the Marquis as the best possible chance likely to come to me, but I was actually to be advised into it by the but I was actually to be advised into it by the condescending thoughtfulness of Mr. Grenfell

Mr. Grenfell:" I repeated, stamping my foot "Mr. Grenfell!" I repeated, stamping my food the violence of my anger as I stood upright before him, whilst he, the wretch, had not even changed his attitude, but sat calmly nursing his knee and looking up into my face through the semi-darkness, with a bland and inquiring expression. "Do you know what you have said? Do you know that you are positively impertment? What you are pleased to call your old friendship is no excuse. I never asked your advice, "I went

what you are pleased to call your old friendsolp is no excuse. I never asked your advice," I wens on incoherently: "I don't want it—never!"

"Think over it, for all that," he answered coolly: "it may be worth something—it is so disinterested." He had at last risen to his feet, and stood,

hing desperately footish in Mr. Grenfell's hearing, who, I am sure, was within hearing, as he sate hear us, silently and persistently it might say udely) turning over the pages of a book. He never ofined in our conversation, nor did we offer to aring him into it Lord Ballymore looked patiently riumphant at last, though I had become strangely tred.

At dinner I sat between Lord Dovedsle and Mr.

He had at last risen to his feet, and scotting holding out his hand.

"Don't scold me, and let us make peace for this get, and side of the property with a surface of the last day. Mrs. Toovey, won't you? And I'll bring you back bearskins and buffalo skins for a wedding resent, by-and-bye, and lay them at your feet. He had at last risen to his feet, and scotting and with sealing the looking of the last day. Mrs. Toovey, won't you? And I'll bring you back bearskins and buffalo skins for a wedding resent, by-and-bye, and lay them at your feet. He had at last risen to his feet, and scotting and buffalo skins for a wedding out his hand.

Don't scold me, and let us make peace for this feet, and scotting and buffalo skins for a wedding you back bearskins and buffalo skins for a wedding resent, by-and-bye, and lay them at your feet. I could find no words with which to answer him, but I turned from him beating the property of the property